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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 28, 1901. NUMBER 26

The Philosopher Press

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THE POETRY OF GOD

By REV. A. B. CURTIS
of Greenville, Mich.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1901. NUMBER 26

In the face of all the costly show that gathered around the funeral of England's queen, there is peculiar beauty and fitting pathos in the wreath sent by the Salvation Army, a wreath consisting of ten thousand ivy leaves, the leaves having been gathered from different parts of the realm by ten thousand Salvation Army lassies.

There is a movement afoot to raise the salaries of the judges in Cook county (Chicago) from $7,500 per annum to $12,000, hoping thereby to command the services of competent jurists. Even then they will receive $18,000 less per annum than the sheriff who is supposed to obey their behests, but their party assessments are probably not so heavy as those levied upon the sheriff.

The *Church Times* of London is disturbed over the mingling of non-conformists with churchmen in memorial services for the queen. Over against this anxiety for the sacredness of the Episcopalian pew, the *Christian Life* remembers that the late queen, talking with a clergyman at Osborne House only a few months before her death, said: "I hope that you get on well with the non-conformists, Mr. ——. You will have to get on with them in heaven, you know."

The Christian Life from over the sea gives some interesting particulars concerning the late Dr. Haweis, whose death we recently noted in these columns. The archbishop of Canterbury put a stop to some open-air seaside services conducted by Dr. Haweis last summer. Dr. Haweis believed in an exchange of pulpits with non-conformists, but Bishop Temple prohibited such an exchange with Dr. Parker a few years ago. The body of Dr. Haweis was cremated, according to his own expressed wish. St. James Marylebone was too small to hold the throngs that came to express their respect for the independent Episcopalian at the funeral services.

A writer in the *Universalist Leader* of February 23, thus happily indicates one of the primal distinctions between the old and new theological estimate of human nature. There is no line that divides good men from bad men, but it is possible to distinguish good deeds from bad deeds, noble tendencies from degrading passions.

> Liberal theology draws no line between man and man but *through* man, separating Dr. Jekyl from Mr. Hyde, the good from the evil in man's own consciousness. Rather than a pretension to superior virtues, it is a frank admission that Mr. Hyde shows his hideous face and distorted figure at intervals, and that you consciously place Dr. Jekyl, the Good, into the refined atmosphere of an altar vital with potent influences to crowd Mr. Hyde to the wall.

It is not only a discouraging but a sickening spectacle that Edward VII is presenting to the world in his foolish "revival" of mediaeval pomp and antique show, and the blazon effrontery to decency offered by English and American publishers in announcing a book on "The Private Life of King Edward VII." The less said about his private life the better, and the less millinery and brass-band foolishness that go with his coronation the less the indignity offered to the sensible citizens of England. The president of the United States at his coming inauguration will do well to avoid rather than emulate the example of this degenerate son of a womanly queen. The session of congress just closing has alarmed even its friends by its billion dollar expenditure. If President McKinley cannot control the extravagance of the army and the wild expenditures of congress he can at least so order his own affairs that his democratic sympathies, plain origin and humble antecedents may not be outraged.

Harvard University is soon to dedicate a beautiful three-story building as a Semitic Museum. In 1889 Mr. Schiff donated a gift of ten thousand dollars for the enrichment of the semitic department. This gift was the beginning of further contributions, until now there is a building worth sixty thousand dollars, and twenty thousand dollars to be invested in material, casts, manuscripts, tile tablets, etc. This will give to Harvard college the richest Biblical store house in this country. The collection is being made under the direction of Professors Toy and Lyon. It will be available not only to the various theological students within reach, but it will have direct influence upon the students in the university proper. Slowly but surely the Bible is taking its place among the classics of the world and receiving its due as a great literary treasure house. Mr. Schiff, we believe, is a Jew. This contribution is one more evidence of the world enriching purpose and possibility of this race, the race of Jesus as well as Moses, of Paul as well as of Isaiah.

That was a sagacious as well as high thought of our William M. Salter, lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society, which led him to arrange for two free lectures to be given at Steinway Hall, 17 Van Buren street, Chicago, on Friday and Saturday afternoon, March 1 and 2, 4:30 p. m., on Christian Science, by two of the University of Chicago experts in psychology. Friday afternoon, J. R. Angell, professor of experimental philosophy, will speak on "The Psychology of Christian Science." On Saturday afternoon, John Dewey, professor of philosophy, will speak on "Some Phases of the Philosophy of Christian Science." This is the way to clear the atmosphere of much vague thinking and more emotional agitation pro and con, not only con-

ning this "new thing" in the religious world, but con-ning all questions about which people feel intensely. The old Egyptian distinction between the esoteric and exoteric interpretations of truth should pass away. There is no light in the study too bright for the public and the popular eye today. Let the experts of the laboratory and the class room give their testimony and let its value be tested by the world, in the world and for the world.

Our old friend, Silas Farrington, in his "London Letter" in *The Christian Register* of February 21, gives a graphic but painful account of the parade, fuss and extravagance of the funeral procession of Queen Victoria. After dwelling upon the incongruity of carrying the body of such a woman to her burial on a "gun carriage," he closes his letter with the following ameliorating possibility. Perhaps the queen was not at her maximum at her funeral. She will be remembered as making for peace when alive rather than making for the glory of war when dead.

But I take up my morning paper and read a kind of apology for it. She was "the head of the army"; she was "the daughter of a soldier"; she was "the mother of soldiers." Yes; and also she was head of the Church, defender of the faith, the mother of a civilizing and nominally Christian people. But my morning paper goes to the length of asserting that this splendidly barbaric display was her own doing. Being dead, she wished thus to speak. One does not always know how much of his morning's paper to believe. Saturday's ceremony, "a soldier's funeral," was "chosen by the Queen herself, and elaborated in specific details, which the King is understood to have faithfully followed." For my own part, I prefer to believe another sentence in the same journal, as it does higher honor to the noble woman and illustrious queen: "Had the Queen been younger and in better health, so as to have been enabled to take a more active share in the negotiations in South Africa, this present war would possibly have been averted."

The withdrawal of the Carpenters' Union from the Building Trades Council and the reconciliation between this union and the Contractors' Council may be as good a point as any to represent the end of the great labor strike of Chicago, which really has not ended, but has wasted away. This is one of the most far-reaching and significant labor struggles of history. It has lasted over a year and has interfered with the activities if not wholly suspended the labor of an army of fifty thousand men, and has held back building contracts to the extent of fifty million dollars. The struggle is one of great significance in many directions. It is remarkable in the first place in the fact that it has been; in the second place, that only five persons have lost their lives and only one hundred and fifty have been injured. It has been war indeed, but practically a bloodless war. Many a brush on a skirmish line on the island of Luzon has scored heavier loss in an hour's engagement. It is remarkable in the third place because much has been accomplished on both sides, as will be seen by reading the following epitome of the contract agreed upon, which is to be binding for two years, as condensed for the pages of *The Literary Digest:*

By the present agreement the contractors grant the carpenters the following concessions: (1) Saturday half holiday. (2) Eight-hour day. (3) Forty-two and a half cents an hour and time and a half for overtime. (4) Piece work prohibited. (5) Non-union men not to work below union wage scale. (6) Need not work with non-union carpenters. (7) Weekly pay days. The carpenters, on their part, grant to the contractors the following terms: (1) Union to withdraw from the Building-Trades Council. (2) Sympathetic strike abolished. (3) All disputes settled by arbitration without stoppage of work. (4) Use of apprentices not prohibited. (5) No limitation of the amount of work to be done in a day and no restriction of use of machinery or tools or of any manufactured material, except prison-made. (6) Foreman not to be subject to rules of his union while acting as foreman.

Our associate, Rev. Granville R. Pike, is contributing a series of articles to *The Evangelist* of New York on "Some Primary Characteristics of Twentieth Century Religion." From the second article in the issue of February 21 we clip the following significant words:

This is a day of great political aggregations. The wastefulness and powerlessness of separate sovereignties is clearly seen. Independent states are combining into vast confederacies, and the ties of colonial peoples to mother countries are being strengthened. There is a growing perception that the segregative principle in statesmanship is inferior to the integrating. The tendency is toward the "parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Solidarity of commercial interests is not less marked than political. Exchanges everywhere are affected by financial stringency anywhere. Collapse of credit in any centre is felt around the globe. A panic in Berlin shakes New York and London; a light or heavy wheat crop in America is registered in the markets from Moscow to Bombay. The continents are bound together by a subtle web of mercantile relations which steadily demonstrate and intensify the oneness of the world.

Industry, too, has its affiliations that are broader than any country or class. The support of striking Liverpool dockers comes largely from American workingmen. Within a year the middle West has seen building practically suspended and all related business at a standstill because of the community of labor in its aims and methods. Everywhere, in the world of work as in the world of wealth, there is union, organization, aggregation, integration. It is the characteristic of our age.

All these influences are not without their due effect upon religion. This world-spirit of concentration, of co-operation, of convention and international fellowship and partnership is forcing the church into a similar unification. Sectarianism must pass. Emphasis is more and more being laid on what is common and not on that which divides. Denominational shibboleths are fast losing their rallying power. All this is no more than a return to the victorious ground on which the church of the first century stood. Its Head knew of but one body—but that one body was to include all men. It was because only essential things were proclaimed or demanded in the early Gospel that its tones were so vibrant and compelling and its progress such a triumphal march. It is the privilege of the church to pick up again this discarded wand of power.

The absorption of the Chicago Institute, established by the generosity of Mrs. Emmons Blaine and over which Colonel Parker presides, by the University of Chicago, is another "significent sign of the times," although we confess to an inability to interpret the sign, and we are as yet in doubt whether it is a source of congratulation or regret. We are told that from a "business standpoint" it is manifestly a wise thing to do, but again we are at a loss to know just what the "business standpoint" in regard to a university is. If to economize space, steam heat and car fare means "good business," this is doubtless good business. If it is desirable to mass undergraduates in close quarters, and to crowd boys and girls, men and women into the minimum of space, is good economy, this is good economy. But if it is desirable that personality should go at its maximum, if educational institutions have an atmosphere of their own and an individuality that is pervasive; if centers of thought and research are somewhat dependent at least upon distinctness of outline, a geographical independence and a reputation of their

own, we think that this amalgamation is of questionable wisdom. It is doubtless good temporary advertisement for both institutions. It has given Chicago papers another opportunity to foot up the millions and to retabulate the donors, but we fear that in the long run the intellectual life of the west, the teaching profession throughout the country, the moral enthusiasm generated at one center where the body is already larger than the soul, will not count for so much as two soul-developing centers. All these "affiliated" institutions lose something of their individuality by their affiliation or else the affiliating centers suffer from a boast scarcely realized in fact, in short, a pretense which has no commensurate power in fact. Those of us who were rejoicing in the opportunity at last granted to Colonel Parker and his unique corps of teachers to work out their important theories under the most favorable circumstances will await the result of this "combination" with great interest and some anxiety.

George Washington in Current Politics.

After a hundred years Washington is today a disturbing element in American politics. On the eve of every election, like Banquo's ghost, his spirit will not down, and wherever its presence is felt it carries consternation to the visionless manipulators of machines, it rebukes the selfish "bosses," it shames the partisans, condemns the boodle and routs the boodlers.

The Municipal Voters' League of Chicago has again called upon the pulpit and press of the city to aid it in securing for Chicago an honest non-partisan administration in city affairs. It would seem as though this ought to be an easy affair, but the independent stands again trembling in the presence of the overawing partisan clamor. The celebrations of the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington are followed by the hot selfishness of partisan campaigning, and the call for integrity and independency is muffled and baffled by the rallying cry of partisans.

Let Chicago not be blinded by massive but delusive statistics or complacent bank reports. There is little light ahead for it, no promise of a noble history for city, state or country so long as the contestants in the political arena are dominated by party manipulators rather than by a passion for progress, are committed to party advancement rather than public weal. It is not true that the future of our city, state or nation is inseparably related to the success of either republican, democratic or any other political party at this coming or any other election. The contrary is quite true. A pure municipal administration is impossible so long as it is administered by a man or men who confess loyalty to party lines, undertake to be true to party issues and have an eye to future party triumphs. The man is not living that can give to the city of Chicago and to either one of the dominant parties at the same time faithful and acceptable service, for it is as true now as in the times of Jesus that "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

There is an easy way of solving our political duties in the coming municipal election, too readily exploited in pulpit and press. We are assured that the voter's full duty is done if he but attend to the primaries, mindless of the fact that the primaries themselves have been primaried, that that primary has already had a previous primary and that the "boys" have outlined their schemes away back of that, so that in the words of the hymn we still find

> "That beneath the deep infernal,
> There's a depth that's deeper still."

A city cannot be redeemed by primaries organized not for the primal issues in that city but upon some remote partisan statement of national politics. After a hundred years Washington comes back to the voter to rebuke the un-Washingtonian loyalty to a machine, the un-Washingtonian greed of office, the un-Washingtonian blindness to far-reaching interests caused by partisan ambitions and party manipulators. We shall never come to a benign administration of municipal affairs, a wise management of city interests until the good men, the real patriots will refuse to wait year after year upon the dictation of national parties. They will not always risk the high issues of any election by following blindly the candidacy secured by the manipulations of either party, because they dare not risk a righteous defeat.

But they will stand up in the simplicity of George Washington, in the might of that independency that belongs to a true citizen and cast their ballots without regard to party claims and in defiance to party intimidations. They will prefer defeat with the excellent man to victory with the man whose only claim to suffrage lies in the questionable ethics that "it is profitable to do evil that good may come of it." We believe that there are excellent men enough in Chicago to secure excellent things at the polls just as often as they choose to seek such excellence on its simple merit. We believe that the majority of the voters of Chicago today are men of honor, sick of the existing condition of affairs and thirsting for better things.

We only need a return to the Washingtonian independence, the unpoetic, unimaginative devotion of George Washington to the simple details of office and the application of the common honesties of private life to public service. Things may grow worse before they grow better. There may be more humiliations still in store for us. So long as we wait upon party leaders and party caucuses in this matter, more half-hearted measures and half-sized men will continue to misrepresent the good men. But there will come a time when good men will refuse these inferior dictations and having escaped from the clutches of the knave in politics, they will break the rule of the fool in politics, who still thinks that the man who is inadequate to the high tasks of a private citizen is good enough for public office if only he gets the right nomination and represents the right party. Today Chicago is suffering not from the dishonest knaves in politics so much as it is suffering from the honest fools in politics which we have just tried to characterize. Partisanship taints every public trust in this city. It places its smirching finger upon our public schools, our li-

braries, our parks and our streets. Through mayor, assessors, collectors, constables and policemen partisan politics is a devitalizing opiate.

Let the spirit of Washington be invoked. Let offices be given to the men who do not want offices but who, in the spirit of Washington, dare not refuse when the call comes, and in his language will say, "Such a call scarcely leaves me the alternative for an option."

Let no pessimistic distrust belie the fair possibilities of our city and country. There are men living today who are eligible by this Washingtonian standard to public office, and if the United States is to become a lost nation, if its splendid power is to be buried beneath the dust of centuries it will be because the dignity of George Washington's example goes first unheeded and then forgotten. If our banner is to go down in infamy, if it is to be buried under the rotten pelf of office, if liberty is to become secondary to greed and territory more desirable than freedom, it will be because of the unholy lust of those who have sought places of trust for selfish ends, whose loyalty to party and to sect has ripened into a disloyalty to the nation. But should even this come to pass the name of George Washington will still shine bright upon the muster roll of humanity if for no other reason than that he loved country more than party, principle more than self, duty chiefest of all, that he added to the nine years of gratuitous military service eight years of noble presidency in the same spirit. He made true the sentences in his first inaugural address:

> I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department.

But this eclipse of freedom in the ideals of our country, this turning a deaf ear to those who cry for liberty and the right to govern themselves, this passion for office, cannot be permanent. We will not believe that this great experiment of a free government by the free, inaugurated by George Washington and his compatriots, is to fail, because we do not believe that we shall cease to teach our children the heroic story of the painful marches and lonely vigils that won for us the preeminence of a great republic. We cannot believe that the American flag will for any long time cease to be the unchallenged emblem of equality and liberty to all the children of God of every hue and in every clime. Not until we allow the twelfth and twenty-second days of February, Emancipation Day, Decoration Day and the Fourth of July to become meaningless and their higher celebrations entirely neglected, not until our streets cease to witness the pageants that stir the blood and kindle the imagination of youth; not until "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner" will have become forgotten music; not until politics and humanity will have become wholly divorced, not until the church positively refuses to insist that noble citizenship is the capstone of saintship, will we despair of our country.

No crown his consecrated brows above,
Save Love's own scarred insignia: *I am Love,*
And crownless greater than the crowned ones are.

Grace Ellery Channing.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Born July 28, 1868. In 1886 entered Queen's College, Cambridge, but left the university at the end of the first term to go upon the stage. He left the stage in 1892 and began a careful study of the writings of the great poets. He has published the following volumes: "Poems," 1897; "Paolo and Francesca." 1899; "Herod," 1900.

PORTIONS FROM HEROD.

ACT I. SCENE I. Herod, King of the Jews. Gadias, Chief Councillor.

Herod—

A child! Gadias, wandering night by night
Among the people of Jerusalem,
I hear a whispering of some new king,
A child that is to sit where I am sitting;
The general boding hath ta'en hold of me.
If this thing has been fated from the first—

Gadias—

It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate.

Herod (*dreamily*)—

And he shall charm and smoothe, and breathe and bless,
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,
Falling of tears and all the voices of sorrow,
And he shall take the terror from the grave.

Gadias—

The malady is too old and too long rooted.
The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,
Madness and death are not ills that she
Contracted, but are in her bones and blood.

Herod—

And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;
Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields
Shall without labour unto harvest come.

Gadias—

Dangerous—labourers thrown from work rebel.

Herod—

A gentle sovereign. Ah, might there not be
Some power in gentleness we dreamt not of?

Gadias—

The gentle are tame birds that feed the hawk.

Herod—

To overcome by other ways than steel.

Gadias—

A somewhat sudden change of policy.
It has not been our way; and was not when
You murdered the whole Sanhedrin,
Nor when
You struck down Malchus on the Tyrian beach,
Or bribed Marc Antony to slay——

Herod— Ah, no.
'Tis not for us. A momentary thought
Like a strange breeze in darkness on the cheek.
Still, must we trample, crush, corrupt and kill?
And he shall be king of the Jews.

Gadias—

Perhaps Aristobulus, then?

Herod— Wild is the time;
Abroad, Octavius and Marc Antony,
Like rival thunders from opposed poles,
Are rushing to that shock which splits the world.
Now Antony is grappled to my side,
And on his victory this realm depends.

* * *

ACT II. Herod, Mariamne, his wife. (*Herod, fearing the power of Aristobulus, brother of Mariamne, slays him before departing to greet Octavius.*)

Mariamne—

Herod, I cannot change—my love is dead.

Herod—

Die then yourself—die, die upon the instant.
Such beauty should pass suddenly away,
Such loveliness should vanish like the lightning,
Die—die—

But ere you go, witness at least
That never woman was so loved as thou,
That never man from the beginning loved
As I.
Mariamne (*moves down to him*)—
And yet you left behind direction
That were you slain, that moment I should die.
Herod—
Here has imagination made me cruel,
So that one death should end what is one life,
And we two simultaneously cease:
If cease we do, let's perish the same instant.
Never could I decay while you still breathed,
Nor could I rot while you moved in the light;
What grave could hold me fast? What sepulchre
Could so press on me that I would not rend it?
Burn me in fire, and see me ashes, yet
No lighted fire hath force upon this fire:
Nor did I live again, then should I float
All inarticulate and invisible
About you still—made to recover words—
A spirit groping for the trick of speech,
Mad for the ancient touches of the hand,
Yet wordless, handless, helpless, near yet dumb.
Close, yet unseen. This was the love I bore you.
Mariamne—
A tiger's fury—not the love of man!
(*Turns to go.*)
Herod (*moves up to steps*)—
O stay yet!
I forgive the love denied:
See—I forgive the poison. I but crawl
Here at your feet, and kiss your garments' hem,
And I forgive this mutiny—all—all—
But for one kiss from you, one touch, one word.
O like a creature, I implore some look,
Some syllable, some sign, ere I go mad,
Mariamne! Mariamne! Mariamne!
(*Mariamne gets out without saying a word or looking around.*)
Herod (*throwing himself on steps*)—
I am denied her soul, and that which was
A glow hath now become a wasting flame.
I am a barren, solitary pyre!

* * *

ACT III. (*Herod slays Mariamne, but in the great illness that comes upon him he does not appreciate that she is dead.*)
Herod (*recovering himself*)—
I had forgotten. I am still a king!
Bring me my crown, and set it on my head.
(*Gadias puts his crown on his head.*)
Gadias—
All hail! all hail! Herod, king of the Jews!
(*Court repeat the cries.*)
Herod—
Bring forth the purple robe and vest me in it.
(*Cup-Bearer brings his robe. They crown and robe him.*)
Summon the queen, and on the instant: I'll
Not tarry for long robe or ornament.
Councillors, captains, priests! Is there delay?
Look on me and look well! Am I that Herod
That ere the beard was on me, burned up cities,
That fired the robbers out of Galilee?
That shook the Parthian and left him dead,
Blew like a blast away the Arabian,
Who grappled to my side great Antony,
And after bound Augustus as my friend?
The Court—
Herod, Herod, Herod!
Herod (*through murmur*)—
Am I that Herod
Who builded yonder amphitheatre
Rivalling Rome? Who lured into these ports
Wealth of the world, a Temple have conceived
That shall dispyramid the Egyptian kings
That so have lived, wrought, suffered, battled, loved?
I have outspanned life and the worm of God,
Imagining I am already dead
Begins to pray on me. Am I that Herod?
(*Cries of* Herod, Herod, Herod!)
Then on the instant let the queen be brought.
I'll see her with my eyes in flesh and blood;
Oh, nothing yet hath stopped me; to my will
No limit hath been set. Summon the queen,
Or I will call not earthly vengeance down.
I have exhausted earth, I'll fetch the lightning
And call on thunder like an emperor! (*Moves down.*)
And henceforth I discard Augustus' aid;
I'll bribe Jehovah as my new ally,
Flatter the Holy One to be my friend—
I'll—I'll—I'll—
(*Falls back into physicians' arms.*)
Unheard, unthinkable—summon the queen!

To Stephen Phillips.

After reading Paolo and Francesca.

As some sweet wind blows breath of roses near,
Long ere you see the flowers fair arise,
So knew I of this poet's rich surprise,
The beauty of his thought, his language clear,
And all in ancient drama held as dear;
But when indeed I saw with my own eyes
This flower of fragrange 'neath the summer skies,—
I felt deep benediction of its cheer!
The story runs with pure and perfect art,
It thrills the soul, this love all crossed and torn,
This sadness of a lot to mortals cast;
Why should high faithfulness have painful part?
Why truest love be thus to sorrow born—
Tost like a rose by swift tornado blast?

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Scraps from the Great American Frying-Pan.

The frying-pan is as old as civilization and probably older, but it has remained for our country to glorify it, and to place it in its pride above the harp of Erin, the pibroch of Scotland and the galley prow of Imperial Rome.

For we disembarked on the edge of a continent with the frying-pan, and with the frying-pan we emerged at the western sea. We started with the ax, the fish-hook and the frying-pan, and sea and land paid us tribute. We added the rifle, and broke through the great forest to the greater prairies. Sulphur smoke and fumes of fat gave warning to the hostile savages that the day of Christian peace "at any price" was at hand, and out of the woods came gaunt and hungry men who would not be denied. The gracious sizzle went ever westward. The great grazing slopes were crossed amid fervid ejaculations of deep-chested cursers of bull teams. The mountains echoed the Wagnerian chorus of gun-shot and ax-stroke. With the pickax, the shovel and the frying-pan we conquered the coast of the Pacific. Through the creaking of wagons, the blasting of mountains and the tooting of construction trains, ever ran the gentle melody of the hot grease in our great American Symbol.

We have fried our broad way across the land. On the north, the moose of Alaska, on the South, the swamp bear of Louisiana, "Tros Tyriusque Mihi, nullo distrimine agetur," saith the frying-pan.

We began on the codfish and the salmon; deer and turkey next become our meat. When we left the forest, we threw the buffalo into the skillet and the antelope, and great bands of the mountain elk, we melted away. We left them behind and next took the sage hen and the jack rabbit; further along deer-fat again made us glad. Again at the water's edge the salmon and the codfish. Is the cycle complete? Can we carry our frying-pan over seas for the frying of the carabao and the crocodile? Or shall we find that the frying-pan refuses to float, and that in trying to force it, it will be lost and we shall have deserted the frying-pan for the fire?

The Indian fried not, and where is his campfire? Where is the French explorer with his bake-oven? Where is the Mexican with his little pottery skillet? Verily the frying-pan has triumphed over stew pot and pestle, and its sway shall not be gainsaid. Spare, brown men were its ministers, and its fruits stuck loyally to their needy ribs. A few sticks in the forest, buffalo chips on the prairie, dead willow and sage brush in the desert, and where the smoke arose was good meat, and there was strengthening of hearts.

Rain and snow dropped into the sputtering grease and the pan took fire. Dust and sand blew in and overtaxed patient teeth, pack mules fell off cliffs and ruined the frying-pan's simple symmetry, bullets from covered foes went through with an ugly clang, but ever and forward to the western shore, grimy and indomitable.

And ever the pioneer pan sang the song of the brave weatherbeaten life; no song of rosy-cheeked ease, no song of introspection. It sang how the fat and slothful were righteous prey of the vigorous and the strong. "Eat," it said, "and work, so that you may eat again." Thinking without action bringeth indigestion. Grope in thoughts of your life in the hereafter, and here and now I will destroy your liver," saith the frying-pan. "Hustle, for the ocean is yet afar off, and there be still many good things to fry."

The frying-pan has sung of courage, of hard work and easy dying. Many and many a time the blood of its priest has fallen into it, as shots came from the dark barrier around the campfire. But its song always bore the refrain of "On and on." Roses and wine and love and ease these blend, in the philosophy of the Persian poet, but when the American Rubaiyat are written, they will tell of grime and grease and "git there," and the only joining of motif will appear, in the neglect of fruitless, time-wasting speculation on the unknowable. Why Omar should have more figures than could comfortably abide in his head; why "Broncho Pete" should die alone in the mountains from a rattlesnake bite, and what becomes of the figures and what of the rattlesnake in the hereafter these things be beyond our ken.

It cannot be claimed that all the knights of the frying-pan have been or are *"sans peur et sans reproche,"* but their natures are obvious. They might have been grimy and greasy like their shield, but they were men.

* * * * * * *

Where are they now, the pioneers. Alas, some of them have become well-to-do and wear many clothes. Some of them have bought their elections to the Senate. Some have relapsed into the profession of peaceful old age, and mother earth holds many and many a one.

And now that the western goal has been reached, and the tide of the adventurous turned back, we must expect to find in the frying-pan man of today, one oftentimes lacking in the elements of success, a man typifying in his life and thought the pioneer, but apt to be the rejected, just as in cutover lumber lands the trees that remain are faulty and full of knots.

Let me tell you of a few of the men whose blankets I have shared, with whom in pleasant weather, in heat and cold, in rain and drought, in alkali dust, in rock, brush and cactus, I have spent good days. Let me tell you in sketchy wise of some men I have fried with.

THE RENEGADE.

Joe Sampon came into our camp in the high coast range just as it got dark. His coming was like the advent of the coyote as Bret Harte describes him:

> "Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
> Half bold and half timid yet lazy all thro,
> Loth ever to leave, yet fearful to stay,
> He limps in the clearing an outcast in gray."

Yes that was Joe, all but the laziness and the limp. He was my friend, but he surely resembled a coyote more than any other animal. His home was close up under the summer snow of the Yally Bally mountain, and he was an ex-cattle man. He was as lean and as apologetic as any coyote and evidently as scared.

It was a nasty bit of country that he lived in, and inhabited by an eccentric tribe of Missourians. The mountains were terribly rough and hostile, cliffs—rock-slides—a vast rugged landscape with bad footing for man and frequent falls for horses, but deer and big ones until you were satisfied, and fish, wonderful fish. The native whites who had rendered the land inhospitable to Digger Indians and to grizzalies had gone into the business of "cattle raising." It was not a gentle agricultural pursuit they followed, but "cattle raising" or "lifting" in the good old sense of the Scottish border. The cattle were as wild as deer. Nothing but reckless horsemanship and dogs could capture them. The practice of branding was hard for the lonely hunter, so ear marking largely took its place. Honors were evenly divided until the local cattle king subsidized some of the best roping talent and adopted as an ear mark, both ears cropped short. This gave him an undue and unfair advantage, and begot a feud, the end of which is not yet.

Sampon entered into a combination with a number of neighbors (all of whom had been stealing from each other) to combat the common enemy. They went in squads and used a branding iron, which everywhere and always overrules and dominates the ear mark. Sampon's house was burned. Sampon's squaw wife and little son fled to the brush. Sampon was shot at and was scared thereby. The cattle king began losing men. They lay dead in divers cañons, and he left the mountains to his foreman, a vigorous hand with the rope and not shy on the trigger, and poor scared Sampon was arrested and cast into jail. During the period of his incarceration, a posse was formed to arrest the foreman. A complaisant sheriff swore in several of the foreman's enemies. They reported that their prisoner was taken from them by bad men in the mountains and possibly lynched. Their suspicion was verified. He was found hanging and full of holes, and Sampon was worse scared than ever. The authorities and detectives nagged him and put him in the sweatbox until he finally told of the conspiracy. As the result of which two of his neighbors who had been in the posse were decently buried after the sheriff was through with them (much as the sheriff regretted the unfortunate occurrence) and three more of them went to the penitentiary for life. Then Sampon, a timid soul, found himself between the devil and the deep sea. His account with the law was hardly adjusted, the cattle king didn't recognize his brand, and the neighbors that were left, said they would "pot" him, concerning which he feelingly remarked to me, that "these mountains are a —— good place to do it in."

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He went with us and showed us deer and horse feed and fish. He carefully washed his hands and made most excellent bread in a frying-pan. He jiggled the pan in a way known only to the elect of the earth, so that the loaf revolved round and round and never burned, but he looked behind him every few minutes and didn't seem happy. He was a splendid hunter and a good shot, a hard worker and a good camp companion, but he lacked buoyancy. He sighed and groaned when he told of the deeds of the mountains and then he looked around, wondering where the next shot would come from.

I promised to return to hunt with him again, and two years later wrote him. No answer came, but finally there was in the papers an explanation of his carelessness. His neighbors had caught him and forced him to make a written confession, exonorating those he had formerly implicated.

His confession further related that he was going away filled with remorse and would not thereafter appear in that county. Then, not wishing to shed his blood, they bound him and gagged him and left him out in the brush to die. He managed to squirm and bite his way out of bondage and told an acquaintance of mine the circumstances, further remarking and allowing that he was still possessed of some sense, and could take a plain hint.

His place knows him no more, but somewhere in the mountains, a lank Missourian with a squaw and a half-breed boy is living on venison and fish and acorns, and

never takes ten steps without looking behind him. He is a good hunter. I'm sorry for him.

A CIRCUIT RIDER.

Father Burton used to come to our California home just as a winter rainstorm began. He knew there was good cheer for him and for his beloved fat horse, and in spite of some trace of heathendom in the family, he knew their welcome was safe.

He was a Methodist circuit rider of the olden time, narrow and forceful and honest, abounding in human kindliness and sympathy, talking freely of a hell in which he could not have believed, and of the goodness of God with whom he was intimately acquainted. From the earliest American settlement of California he had traveled a beat hundreds of miles in extent. Unarmed except for a bible in his saddlebags and a paper collar in the top of his plug hat, he had ministered to miner, and robber, to Chinaman, Mexican and Digger Indian and was beloved of every convict in the penitentiary. Long and solemn with only a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, he prayed long prayers with eyeballs rolled out of sight and sang hymns with interminable stanzas in perfect time and without melody.

He had met grizzlies on the trail and vied with them in solemn politeness. Sometimes one gave the right of way and sometimes the other. He was shot at once or twice, which he always felt was a regrettable mistake on the part of some poor sinner. He had been for days without food and doubtless added a due amount of prayer to his fasting. He had married and baptized and buried and comforted. Never a selfish thought seems to have crossed his mind. He was one of the bravest and best souls I ever knew, a product of the Puritan, the Christian religion and the frying-pan.

GREGG'S LEAD.

We had jogged along through the dry foothills of the Nevada desert. Our horses had reeled off the deceptive miles to the mountains. We had followed up a stream that, judging from distant perspective, ought to have been a waterfall, but which proved to be peaceful while busy, and harbored many a trout. We had climbed to the rocky sources, where great springs gushed out of the ground and had there found the sage hen and the quail we were seeking, and bagged all that a pack horse could carry. In the evening we were returning through a dry canon, when old man Gregg hailed us from his tunnel. Perhaps for once in his life he was lonesome, perhaps he wanted to talk. At any rate we were invited in by the "meanest old cuss in Nevada," as he was widely known, and over the beef (which probably had carried our brand) and the coffee, we heard something of the history of fifteen years of his life. Fifteen years before he had struck it rich at that identical spot. He had taken out fourteen tons of ore that yielded him $37,000 and then he had lost the vein. Year after year he had hired men to hunt for it. Year after year his pile decreased, but "Lordy!" he was sure to strike it again. His money all went and his cabin burned up, so he made a door to his tunnel and lived in that.

He became a monomaniac and people laughed at him, as he didn't talk to them any more. When he needed meat no one doubted his ability to down a fat yearling and destroy the hide. (This he didn't tell us.) When he was out of flour and coffee and tobacco, he knew a gulch where by infinite labor he could get dirt from the bed rock, and by packing water, could wash a few dollars in gold a day and then back to his tunnel and his sure fortune. As payment for his hospitality we had to listen to the story with the same old ending, that he was right on the verge of getting the vein. We wisely nodded our heads at his wild geological statements and deductions. We finally gave him some game and went our way. We had learned that old man Gregg wasn't so mean (for a cattle thief) after all, unless—unless you didn't let him talk—in that case there was no question about it.

A year later, during the cold of winter, old man Gregg disappeared. The door of his tunnel was kicked in and he was found dead, and he had never struck the vein.

Last summer, while going over the same country, I found an old man camped on the mountain side above. He seized me like the Ancient Mariner and made me hear him. He begged and implored me to listen. He had studied geology and Gregg's lead and he went into a story of faulted strata of the ice age and slides—slides, slides—Gregg's lead had slid, he had found where it had slid from, he was going to find the ore. "So help me God, I can smell that ore. If I can get a thousand dollars, so help me God, I'll pay back a million. Lend me one thousand dollars and I'll make you rich. If you don't I'll do ranch work until I get a hundred dollars and I'll come back here to work until its gone and then I'll go back and earn some more. Gregg's lead is here, I know it's here and I'm going to find it." And some day another old man will be found dead on that mountain side and there may not be any Gregg's lead after all.

But what visions of hope and despair could we see if we could look through the tallow fumes into the brave hearts of those two lonesome old men.

A POT HUNTER.

He was a French gentleman by the name of Theopholite Hamel, commonly known as Paulite. He went to California with the Argonauts and hit upon market hunting as an easy, because unusual, way of earning a livelihood. He was the best shot that ever afflicted the game of the coast. He used, when I first knew him in '74, a light muzzle loader with broken stock held together with wire, and one hammer anchored to a string so that when it fell off it should not be lost. He often rammed down newspaper or hanging moss for wads, and he killed mostly everything he shot at.

He was every inch a cultured gentleman, kind and modest and generous to a fault, he wasn't afraid of wild beast, priest, potentate or devil and loved his friends. He had killed an immense California lion with birdshot because he walked up close enough to blow its head off. He cooked, oh how he cooked. The fryingpan was a violin in his hands; the gridiron, a grand piano in perfect tune. He taught me the ways of game and the ways of the gun; he was a wonderful natural teacher and ought to have had an "outing school."

Alas for the friend of my boyhood. His courage was his Nemesis. With steady, firm determination he set to work to drink all the whisky in the world; he did pretty well for a while, but new distilleries were erected and he perished in the attempt.

THE WYALCKY DIGGERS.

It is the proud boast of the Digger Indian that he is "all the same bear." That means that nothing that we might term "ursable" is alien to his larder. Meat and fish in any state of preservation or decay, acorns, roots or berries suit one as well as the other. Grasshoppers, yellow-jackets and caterpillars are all good in their season and yet the Digger Indian is a good fellow and an honest man.

We once camped on a salmon stream, and had located the big fish, when the Wylacky tribe appeared. It was a serious matter. I got the chief, the prime minister and the secretary of state into camp and set out a can of tobacco and cigarette papers, and made a big talk. I told them that we were there first, that there

were plenty of fish to go round, and that they ought to leave part of the stream undisturbed, to which they assented. Then we called on them. They were about thirty in number and, having five small deer hung up in camp, were under obligation to eat them before doing anything else. They cut off strips from the skinned carcasses and warmed them over little fires. When they had eaten all they could, they sensibly slept until they could eat some more, then day or night, they got up and did it. What could be simpler? When the deer were exhausted they went for fish, another obvious proposition. The stream was narrow and swift, running snow water. There were occasional great clefts in the canon, with deep still pools, too jagged with rocks to permit of seining.

They beat on the surface with branches until the frightened salmon hid under the rocks. Then a naked Indian dived in, with hand net or gaff and swimming deep down under the cliffs, brought out the fish. I never saw a white man equal to that sport.

One evening they sent word to our camp that we had better keep watch, as a white man was in the neighborhood and he would try to rob us. Duly as he was billed, the bad white man from Mad River came sneaking around, but we were watching, so he didn't steal anything. (I am pleased to veraciously state that later, having robbed a lonesome sheep herder, he got himself shot at the next camp he visited.) We failed in our conversation with our Wylacky friends to dilate upon the superior virtues of the white race, although they probably had never heard of them.

Perhaps the robbery and extermination of these poor, harmless, innocent Digger Indians by Christian hands is not to be explained by the habitual greed and cussedness of the Christian aforesaid, but is entirely due to their unfortunate resemblance. Their mere weakness could never have brought such treatment upon them. It is their portion because, they are "all same bear."

AN ALFALFA PATCH.

We employed old man Gomes to keep up a little alfalfa ranch, far back in the Nevada mountains. A great spring broke out at the side of the canon and was stored in a reservoir below. Below that was a beautiful orchard of apple trees, long ago planted by a thrifty settler, and below that a hundred and fifty ton field.

Gomes was a faithful old "he hen," as David Harum would have described him. He was continually scratching and pottering, so that in spite of solitude he was busy and happy. He minded the trees and he minded his irrigation, but more especially his gallinaceous nature, found joy in his bunch of Plymouth Rocks.

In going the dusty round of the ranch we stopped at his place for dinner. Gomes was sad and appeared heartbroken. Even his fields showed a dispirited neglect, which brought criticism from the superintendent.

When we went into eat, we found no eggs to fry. It was a bitter disappointment and we mentioned it. The sad tale was soon told. The Rodeo outfit had camped there, a wild lot of cowboys. It was the old story of the cowboy Ishmael—heard wherever steady, honest farming comes in contact with the predatory "puncher." It was told with tears, and it was real high tragedy to a man with few thoughts and no associates. "O Mr. Sib, I had twenty-three sheeken. Da cowboy, he camp here. I do him good. I haul him hay for da horse, I take him da apple. Da cowboy he break da sheeken house, he steal seventeen sheeken and he steal da only one what I have, great big fine—what you call—what you call da sheeken bool."

After that Gomes lost heart in ranching and is now keeping store in town.

A MINING EPISODE.

Ed James was doing assessment work on a mine in New Mexico. One noon, when I appeared, he was baking bread in a fryingpan. I sat down to share with him, and remarked that I had noted a Dutch oven in the gulch below and asked why he didn't bake in that. As he took the hot loaf out, and skillfully juggled it against a stone facing the fire where it could bake on top, he became shockingly profane. He was a clean cut, clear eyed young fellow, and despite the lingual peculiarities of the region, I was surprised and grieved at his language, but he finally caught his breath and told me why.

It was frosty winter weather and dynamite will not work when frozen, though of a sensitive nature and nervous disposition at moderate temperatures—hence the habit miners have of thawing it out inside their shirts or in their bootlegs—hence the Pennsylvania custom in vogue amongst the best Bulgarian families of thawing it in the oven, "Hinc illae lacrymae" as they say on the tombstones. His uncle had been doing the cooking and had mixed a nice batch of dough with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of baking powder as the law requires. Ed had put two sticks of frozen dynamite in the Dutch oven, covered it with the lid and put it in a warm place. The uncle had put the implement on the fire so as to make it hot enough to bake in, and just as James hove in sight it began to smoke. James realized that the situation was serious, even critical. He picked the oven up, carried it a short distance, laid it down carefully and when I saw him three days later, he reported in excusable exaggeration that he had just returned from running away, and that he expected his uncle back in the morning.

As he was obliged to use dynamite he preferred to dispense with the oven. I forgave his profanity and ate heartily.

DRY YEARS ON THE RANGE.

Yapel was described as a "seldom fed." He had been a "cow-puncher" of the Southwest. He had married and gotten him a small ranch and begotten him a child, and eschewed plug tobacco and hard language. Surely, for a "cow-puncher," he was on the road to Salvation. In his snug home he sat before the stove with his high heels on a chair-rung under him, and with chest pulled in, and slowly consuming a flat brown paper cigarette, he told of days agone.

"Those dry years was awful and no mistake. The cattle ate all the grass near the water and had to travel further and further back for feed, and they got poorer and poorer and then they begun to die. She would cloud up and act like rain and so we'd put off driving 'em out of the country and then she'd clear again and so for near two years. They got so poor we couldn't move 'em and they kept on dying worse and worse. I was working down in the valley for old man Sikes and he set me to watching his biggest water-hole. I never want no more watching water-holes. Sometimes it was one brand and sometimes another that I tried to drive away, for there wasn't water enough for what was left of his own stuff. I used to have to pull out the dead ones before I could make coffee, and sometimes I had to get out my Winchester to scare off sheep men and sometimes they wouldn't scare. My rule was water for every man and his horse so he wasn't a sheep man, but I told the sheep man to travel. Say, water is quite an institution after all, and I never want to keep a fellow critter from a drink again. Have you ever been real dry—no I don't want any of that now—for water, *I* mean?"

A BAD MAN.

He was the dime novel of my boyhood. He said his

name was Mack Higgins, and further averred, what no one believed, that Mack Higgins had always been his name.

When in his cups, he further stated that he had originated in Arkansas and that he was extremely bad. As he carried an enormous navy revolver in an overcoat which he always wore, no one disputed his assertions. He was 6 feet 5 inches tall and used to buy his liquor by the gallon and carry it home in a lard pail.

He used to pause along the country road for target practice and could generally hit a bottle at 75 yards with his "Colt" or a marble, at 30 yards with his Kentucky rifle. During these exhibitions his solemn dignity was magnificent.

He squatted in a brushy canon near the ocean, presumably because he couldn't drift farther West without getting wet, and proceeded to defy the other claimants to possession, and all the powers of the law. As the title was in dispute and the litigants were extremely unpopular, and as the sheriff hoped for length of days, he stuck. A large raw-boned wife with no aversion to spiritous liquors and a red-headed son completed the family.

Mack was of an uneasy and roving disposition. He evidently had never heard of game laws and couldn't see a boundary fence. He shot deer all the year around, mostly with his revolver, and spent every profitable day during high water, in catching salmon. As I spent much time alone and continually hunted and fished, I fell in with him and we struck up a comradeship. I pined for fierce yarns, and he reeled them off; I wanted to catch fish and he taught me how. I loved good shooting and he was a wonder. He, on his part, evidently enjoyed an appreciative audience. Dear! Dear! how my blood tingled when he told of his shootings in Texas and darkly hinted how necessary his movings had been.

But after I left home for school, he fell on evil days. Game wardens got after him. Deer became scarce and he had to do labor, common day labor, in order to provide whiskey and tobacco and flour. Years passed and one day I was shooting near his house and accidentally hit Mrs. Higgins with fine shot. Mack came out blaspheming and threatening. Alas the years had robbed me of reverence. I had seen other verbally bad men. I apologized with due humility, but didn't get scared. He talked about jack rabbits crawling thro' my perforated body, but I didn't enthuse. The old awe, the old fear had left me. Finally I said, "Let up Mack, I'm awful sorry, but I couldn't have done any damage at that distance. You know me, my name is Kent." "Hell! Willy, is that you, how you have growed, dam if I 'aint glad to see you." The lion roared like a lamb. My boyhood ideal was shattered. But I always liked him for all that.

At the end of his life when the tremens caught him, and he called for whiskey, the neighbors state that his fond wife fed him all he wanted. They also say that he broke up the chairs and the bed, and made an awful noise before he died.

A NEVADA SHEPHERD.

It was in '95 that I met Mr. Garcia. He was a combined sheep owner and sheep herder, an almost impossible combination. For, trailing after a dusty, dirty band of 25,000 bleating and ill-smelling four-legged idiots is too much for the mental balance of anything but a freak or a *Human* idiot. It takes only dumb persistent stupid fidelity to follow the sheep, but it takes some intelligence to map out their course, and to handle them commercially. My friend Garcia hit off the combination. He believed in the sheep, the Pope and a protective tariff. He hated placer miners because they took up the watercourses, also coyotes and most and especially, Grover Cleveland; hated him so conscientiously, it is said, that it resulted in insomnia.

In spite of all adversity, with steadfast persistence, he yearly drove his flock from the low browse winter range in Nevada, to the shearing corrals; thence up to the lambing range where amidst bleating and blatting beyond endurance, he acted as midwife and trained nurse to some thousands of ewes, then on up the slopes to the big grass country. Whence, fat, his flocks returned in the fall. All day he sat and watched them eat and at night drove them back to his camp by the water, where they bedded down and stupidly chewed and re-chewed. His life was one of plain, unvarnished, lonesome misery. A camp tender visited him occasionally and brought him food. Year in and year out the same, till his herd had grown and he employed other men to work for him.

When I saw him in '95 he was frying mutton in grease of a previous year, but paused in turning it over to talk of Cleveland. He had few words of English and mostly bad, but he laid them on with vigor. Wool had gone down to five cents a pound, free silver, the loyal Nevadan's idol, was being shattered, and the years were dry and the grass scarce. "Damma da Cleve," said Mr. Garcia impressively, "Damma da dam sonna da gun, maka da free wool, no maka da free silv. Damma da big fat Cleve, no letta da grass grow." His argument seemed conclusive.

When by the almost divine wisdom of the American people, Mr. McKinley was permitted to manage the finances and the weather, Mr. Garcia prospered. He is now a rich man and lends money to his dago friends at 5 per cent a month, but he has not forgotten Grover Cleveland.

IN CONCLUSION.

I have told you of the fryingpan's past. Its future is also glorious. Shorn of the pioneer possibilities it turns, as befits the American character, to the ways of peace. In the culinary world it is the one fair harp of a hundred tones. It is the noblest exponent of good cooking. It used to require courage, it now requires intelligence. The flapjack, the permanent, the durable, gives way to the delicate flannel cake and the buckwheat. Chicken a la Maryland reclines in the former last resting-place of the porcupine. And yet, there be in this land, it shames me to say it, the sons of American men, who eschewing the household gods of their fathers, bow down before a toy, veneered mayhap with silver, warmed by a squirt of alcohol, tempered by tepid water lest even the little flame might make stirring and watchfulness necessary. Yes, and the degenerates wear black clothes instead of overalls and much white shirt waist. And at unseemly hours of the morning they gather about their false idol and babble of parties and balls and strange games and money and much of opera troupes. And they stew in it beer and cheese and cold victuals and cans of diseased entrails of dead geese.

Bah, if ye be men as your fathers were, save the alcohol, for that is drink, but throw the thing far out into the darkness, for that way lies the buttons and the livery, and the horse with indecently chopped-off and ruthlessly hammered in tail, and that way "social ambition" and imbecility, and William Waldorf Astor.

Go back to the Democracy of the frying-pan, go out into the wilderness and learn endurance of nature which endures. Talk straight and true to the few men you meet. Grime your hands and burn them on the hot handle, eat what you can get, not what you want, roll in your blanket and sleep. Good or bad, at any rate you are a man, a brother of men, and a cousin of the brutes.

Far from us be the day when we shall have forgotten the frying-pan of the pioneer, when lassitude shall have made us unfit to enjoy its bounties.

The American Frying-pan, may the torch of liberty ever keep it hot, and may its devotees forever so live that they can defy this world, the next world, and dyspepsia. WM. KENT.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

BY E. P. P.

"Words That Burn." This is the work of Miss Lyda Briggs, and is published by her father, at Utica, N. Y. We promised only to speak what we thought true of this book, and are inclined to say as little as possible concerning both style and contents. The author is ambitious and at the same time inspired with the desire to do good.

* * *

The *Independent,* in the number for January 24, attacks, both editorially and otherwise, the ship subsidy bill; and it does it in a manner that will carry conviction to anyone not sold out and ready to sell out his country for the building up of millionaires. One of the most brilliant speeches made in Congress during a whole decade was that by Senator Vest of Missouri, scoring this outrageous attack on American industries.

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While making up a list of magazines for the beginning of a new century, we remember that the *Atlantic* has kept its place at the front of periodicals required by people of thought and culture for about half a century. It comes to us now, not only as good as of old, but very directly and positively gaining in literary worth, as well as in its ability to discuss live social questions. We recommend that the showy sensational magazines be let alone and that the *Atlantic* be placed on the household table of every subscriber to UNITY.

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The *Open Court* has of late become so closely associated with the study of mythology that it may almost be called the journal of anthropological science. The January number gives us a rich study of Greek religion, of Egyptian religion, of Pali texts, and of the religion of North American Indians. This is a broad field, and the *Open Court* is doing a most thorough and admirable work.

* * *

The *Arena* comes to us with Mr. B. O. Flower's name once more closely associated with it. During 1900 this periodical was steadily on the gain; and we hope that it will not lose ground during the month to come. We wish it every possible success.

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Among the illustrated magazines, probably the *Century* stands so well at the head that it has no rival. We are glad to see that this magazine is admitting some very thorough discussions of social questions.

* * *

New England Magazine for February contains an article by the writer of these notes, on the First Village Founded by New Englanders as they moved Westward across the continent;—this village is Clinton, N. Y.

* * *

Political Science Quarterly is growing in value, notwithstanding the fact that it occasionally contains an article of a Tory sort, that could emanate from no quarter but New York City. We can heartily recommend this quarterly to those who desire a thorough discussion of economic and political questions.

* * *

We have already noted the decision of Mr. Hopkinson Smith that Uncle Tom's Cabin was, after all, one of the worst books of the century. Now we have from Mr. Howells an *ex cathedra* decision that we have all been wrong about Kingsley's Hypatia. We shall be able to endure this decision, provided it helps to once more bring Mr. Kingsley's books into popular reading.

Pamphlets.

Mr. Chadwick's estimate of Thomas Huxley and his "Life and Letters" by his son, has already been given in the pages of UNITY. But many who were tantalized by the brevity of his notice in this department will be glad to read the still too brief study of the same in the sermon published in the Chadwick series for February, issued from the press of George H. Ellis, of Boston. Mr. Chadwick says, "The main strength of his life went out in breaking the acquired truth of science to the hungry souls of men who were, he thought starving for the lack of his particular food." Here is a high and to our mind most timely and noble interpretation of the much abused word "agnostic," a term of Huxley's invention and which "he wore like a decoration on his breast." The articles of his faith as counted by Mr. Chadwick seem to us not only vital, but closely allied to the profoundest faith of the ages, a faith in inward truth, in intellectual honesty, in "the discovered laws which are the stable methods of the infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed."

* * *

The committee for the Chicago Woman's Club on Permanent Schools and Playgrounds has published a voluminous report in a pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with a series of seventeen interesting half-tone pictures illustrating the subject. This cogent appeal and interesting exhibit is calculated to do duty outside of Chicago. Indeed, the school house must be given back to the public, the playground be made a public park available to the public whenever the school children can spare it. Sooner or later, not only in our crowded cities, but in our towns and country places, let those who have least to contend with take the first step and make the greatest advance.

* * *

The Philippine question is not now the hot political issue it was before election time. Soon President McKinley will be safely inaugurated for four more years, and there is a comfortable majority in Congress to back him. But the question was not settled at the polls. It is not yet "downed." On this account "The Predominant Issue," by Professor W. J. Sumner, of Yale University, reprinted from the *International Monthly,* published at Burlington, Vt., a pamphlet of fourteen pages, which lies before us, is still a weighty document, a timely deliverance. It is a conservative word by a conservative representing a conservative institution in league with conservative statesmanship, and it behooves the supporter of William McKinley, the Republican voter, to send for a copy, to read it and to ponder it. It comes to our desk in connection with the following blank petition from the office of John A. O'Connor, postoffice box 212, Madison Square Branch, New York City. Those eligible to a place among the petitioners are requested to send their names to the above address at as early a date as possible, as the petition is to be presented in a few days.

We, the undersigned, who voted for the re-election of President McKinley, hereby urge upon Congress the adoption of a policy towards the Philippine Islands in accordance with the principles declared in the following paragraphs of the joint resolution of Congress regarding Cuba, passed April 18, 1898:

"*Resolved,* That the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Higher Living.

III.

How easy to follow one of two lives—the animal or the intellectual! How difficult to conciliate the two! In every one of us there exists an animal which might have been as vigorous as wolves and foxes, if it had been left to develop itself in freedom. But besides the animal there existed also a mind, and the mental activity restrained the bodily activity, till at last there is a serious danger of putting an end to it altogether.
—*Hamerton.*

The higher plane is the sphere of significant imagination, of relevant fiction, of idealism become the interpretation of the reality it leaves behind. Poetry raised to its highest power is thus identical with religion grasped in its inmost truth; at this point of union both reach their utmost purity and beneficence, for then poetry loses its frivolity and ceases to demoralize, while religion surrenders its illusions and ceases to deceive.
—*Santayana.*

* * *

Very impressively one remembers the white-haired, sweet-faced Professor, who in the midst of his clinical demonstrations would so frequently pause and say to the observing group, "Gentlemen, learn to *define* things," and then, in choice words, proceed to put into comprehensive form whatever idea he was illustrating. The power to define things is native to some, but by the many must be acquired. For everyone it is an accomplishment needful in so many ways that the wonder is we have so little attention paid to its getting. With it one's vague notions, if founded in any truth whatever, crystallize into clear forms of definite knowledge and thought; and by this process one gets a ready mastery of what his senses, his memory and his imagination have afforded him. Often a clear definition is the imperative prerequisite for any sort of right activity, especially if it is to be along lines of advance. "When you do not know what to do, do nothing," is a sensible rule to adopt, providing always that one resolutely proceeds to, as soon as possible, define the present situation, and then to take such forward steps as may be indicated, as soon as these shall have become practicable and safe. But, to define clearly there must be another power, namely, to think as clearly as any given set of conditions will admit of. A definition is the golden crystal of thought.

* * *

Higher living requires at once some sort of definition of its real significance and scope, as distinguished from the many possible spurious or half-real meanings that may be vaguely conceived or mistakenly adopted. That no definition, however, can be absolute, as opposed to the many possible relative ones, should be conceded without reservation. Moreover, that higher living today may not be up to the mark of the higher living required by tomorrow should likewise be freely admitted, as the ground upon which to make the daily start.

Any definition of higher living, then, to be really helpful must include in it not only the clearest, most comprehensive notions of the present, but also certain elements of flexibility and enlargement, which the growing needs of the future may require. Seemingly this has often been ignored; and today we still have ideas of culture and the higher life that is supposed to result from this, that are as one-sided, inadequate and rigid as most conventional systems of theory and practice demand. One obvious need, therefore, is that there shall be given such an accurate account of humanity and such a true definition of its needs and possibilities that its future progress shall be as closely along universal, and consequently the most practical, lines as may be possible.

* * *

One thinks back, for instance, upon the conception of the unique significance of mind, as set over against the equally common significance of the body; and one thus gets a lively wonder that such a lopsided conclusion should have ruled the world so long, or should now be so generally thought to be particularly luminous and helpful. Starting, for our purposes, with the Neoplatonists, we find that all along this idea of mental uniqueness has been the subject of every manner of perversion, and yet always accepted with a religious fervor quite unequaled. And today we find the same sentiment prevailing widely. "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind," seems to be as firmly fixed in most modern systems of religion as it was in its legendary form over the study door of Sir William Hamilton, the great Scotch philosopher and teacher.

Yet a single hour of intelligent observation of the formation of a crystal under a microscope, proof of the activities of any one of the very lowest of the known forms of life, will lead quickly to the true conclusion: that mind is no more unique in its vital significance than is that of any or every one of the so-called physical activities with which we may become acquainted. It is simply because our physical activities are so immediate to ourselves, so important to all our egotistic recognitions and doings, are such an element of all our conscious volitional life, that it has come to seem to be in fact the veritable all-in-all to us. But it does not follow that humanity has advanced, or will advance, in exclusive proportion to its conscious mentality alone. For the real fact is, that its most important stages of advance have often been unconscious; and the law in accordance with which all growth is effected is, that when one sphere of life advances disproportionately to others, all the other spheres weaken and contract and atrophy in a manner strictly parallel and compensatory. Indeed, it does not seem possible to be unjust to any phase of creation without incurring a penalty which, in due season, must be paid to the uttermost, by that which is temporarily exalted. Exaltation of mind beyond certain average limits must thus be compensated for by a some-time corresponding depression of everything else. Hence, for the true and permanent culture of the race, everything about us should be held in equally unique esteem.

* * *

Our definition of higher living, then, must be something like this: That kind of living which manifests a due respect for our every structure and function, and intelligently furthers the best interests of all these in every feasible way. With this in mind, it is easy to see that the body and all its activities should be accurately understood and cultivated; the mind and its expansibility properly furnished and disciplined; the spirit and its aspirations fully appreciated and encouraged, and that no one of these has any particular right to be extravagantly judged and attended to, especially to the depreciation and neglect of the others. In the economy of the individual as well as of the community, the hand is equal with the brain, the stomach with the eye, the heart with the nerves, the body with the soul, walking with speaking, doing with thinking. A proper appreciation of this and a resolute direction of one's energy in accordance with it is the living that is comprehensively higher, and none other. SMITH BAKER.

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SUN.—The soul may triumph over its conditions, and find in evil a blessing in disguise.
MON.—Poverty has ever been the spur of greatness and the spring of reform.
TUES.—To make progress we must woo smiles.
WED.—The quality of a man and of his principles appears in his action.
THURS.—To live in the higher law is the readiness to surrender selfish interest for the good of others.
FRI.—It is not a name, but the thing itself, that is worth the possessing.
SAT.—Let us prefer wealth of character to rich estates, honor of daily doing to titles of distinction, beauty of spirit to all outward grace and comeliness.

Abram Conklin.

A Battle for Young Soldiers.

Hold it back, tie it down,
Bind it fast and tight,
Set your lips together close;
Which will win the fight?

Let it go wild and free,
Running reckless riot;
Surely that will be
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know
Find it hard to do;
If you try your very best,
Victory for you.

To all the heroes who have been
Tried, and told, and sung,
Let us add the sturdy boy
Who can hold his tongue.

—*Exchange.*

An Ingenious Excuse.

Little Marjorie had a very imaginative mind and, sad to say, a corresponding temper. Example and precept were unavailing; when roused she was simply a little fury. The family were in despair, and frankly told the small maiden, who shook her four-year-old head, and agreed that she must be "dreffle bad."

On leaving for Old Orchard beach and a long summer's holiday, she paid a farewell visit to her grandmother. She was exceedingly sweet and amiable during her stay, evidently trying to impress the household. At parting the old lady said:

"You have been a good little girl this time, and, Marjorie dear, if you could manage to lose that temper while you are away, you would make us quite happy."

In September, a brown little Marjorie returned to her loving grandmother. Among other items of seashore news, she stated the fact that she had left her temper down at the beach.

"Dear me!" exclaimed her listener, "how interesting! Tell me how you managed to do it."

"Well," said the complacent damsel, "I digged a place in the sand, builded a temper house, stwong, putted my temper inside, and there it is, forebber!"

Alas! In a few days, poor Marjorie fell from grace, and into a frightful temper with her little sister. She stood with flashing eyes, her tongue hurling sharp words, and her hands about to throw a toy cradle, when the door suddenly opened, and her grandmother entered.

"Why, Marjorie!" she exclaimed, in shocked tones, "What about that temper, and the strong house you built for it?"

The small maid stopped short, and while yet panting with passion, said:

"There! That was the worst of building it in the sand. A big wave must have comed along, knocked down my house and *letted that temper out.*"

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

A Baby's Persistence.

"Few little children, of course, voluntarily set themselves to overcome difficulties, yet more would do so if parents and nurses were not in the habit of catering to that flightiness characteristic of all young things, which leads them to follow up whatever momentarily attracts their attention," is the position taken by Florence Hull Winterburn, writing of "Child-life in the Home" in the March *Woman's Home Companion.* "The capacity to dwell for a long time upon one thought involves both intensity of desire and innate ambition to reach right results. I have seen this struggle for perfection in an incipient form show itself in a little child but eighteen months old. And how sincerely I respected that little one. He was sitting in his mother's lap beside the library table one evening, when in an idle mood she took up a penny and set it on the head of a small gilt image three or four inches high and with a head scarcely larger than the coin. Seeing that the baby watched her, she said playfully, 'Baby can't do that!' The little one's brown eyes sparkled with a look that seemed to say, 'Oh, can't I?' And taking the penny in his fingers he essayed to balance it as she had done. It fell. 'Oh!' said baby, quietly, and picking it up tried again, with the same result. Without the least sign of discouragement or impatience the little thing tried over and over again for a score of times, until at last he succeeded in balancing the coin on the head of the image. The brave baby! We gave him a round of applause, and he looked from one to the other of us with a curious little glance of satisfaction. The next day he could not be prevailed upon to undertake the same feat again. Once having demonstrated that he could do it the act lost its interest. Here was a tiny hero in want of difficulties to conquer; an infant Newton, excelling in the ability to concentrate his whole mind upon a single object so long as it was necessary for that object to engross his attention."—*Methodist Recorder.*

Fear.

A brave man is not the man who does not know fear, but the man who conquers it.

As an example we may quote Henry IV. of Navarre, who is well known in history as one of the bravest of soldiers. Yet he went into the battle of Ivry with his teeth chattering and his knees knocking against the saddle from simple fear of the coming battle. But though his body trembled his mind was firm, and he determined to conquer the weakness of his flesh. So he said to his teeth and knees: "Shake and chatter away! You would tremble worse if you knew where I was going to take you today!"

"No load is heavy to a cheerful heart."

A story is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field today was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done today."—*Selected.*

O ye who have young children, if possible give them happy memories! Fill their earliest years with bright pictures! The time arrives when the gorgeous fairy tale of childhood may be all that is left to sustain us; when it means consolation, courage, fortitude, victory. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE SENIOR EDITOR OF UNITY IS TO SPEND THREE WEEKS IN THE SOUTH FOR THE DOUBLE PURPOSE OF ESCAPING THE INHOSPITABLE MARCH WEATHER OF CHICAGO AND OF DELIVERING A COURSE OF UNIVERSITY LECTURES AT BIRMINGHAM, ALA. HE WILL BE GLAD TO MAKE SUCH OTHER ENGAGEMENTS AT AVAILABLE POINTS AS TIME PERMITS. ADDRESS AFTER MARCH 5 TO MARCH 25, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CARE PROFESSOR J. H. PHILLIPS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Lectures on Christian Science. Professors Jas. R. Angell and John Dewey, of the University of Chicago, will speak on "Christian Science" in Steinway Hall on Friday and Saturday afternoons at 4 o'clock, March 1 and 2. It is believed that these addresses will be an important contribution to public enlightenment. They will be free, and all are cordially invited.

March 1, 4:30 p. m., "The Psychology of Christian Science," by Prof. Angell.

March 2, 4:30 p. m., "The Philosophy of Christian Science," by Prof. Dewey.

Sunday, March 3—"Comte and the Religion of Humanity," by Mr. Salter.

March 10—"Ethics and Worldliness," a lay sermon for Lent, by Mr. Salter.

March 17—"The New Religious Problem," by Prof. Chas. Zeublin, of the University of Chicago.

March 24—"Education and Labor," by Miss Jane Addams.

March 31—"What Is Death?" by Mr. Salter.

April 7—"What Is Life?" an Easter discourse, by Mr. Salter.

HELENA, MONTANA.—The first Unitarian society accepting the opportunity afforded by a very popular presentation of Hall Caine's play, "The Christian," Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague, has announced a series of "Sermons in Books," and is to preach on Feb. 24 on "The Christian, or the Antagonistic Impulses of Present Religious Life"; on March 3 on "The Master Christian, or Christianity Versus the Church"; and on March 10 on "The Reign of Law, or Religion Without Theology and Science Without Faith." Mr. Sprague is also holding an evening service at Great Falls for the present, having concluded a very successful series of seven evening services at the opera house in Helena.

**The pulpit of All Souls Church will be occupied during Mr. Jones' absence in the South as follows: March 10, Clarence Darrow, "Tolstoy's 'Resurrection'"; March 17, Mrs. Ella F. Young, of the University of Chicago, "Habit"; March 24, Mrs. Charles Zeublin, "The Arts and Crafts Movement in England."

Foreign Notes.

FRANCE.—On the 24th of January, says the Paris *Protestant*, the Theological Faculty of Paris conferred for the first time the degree of doctor in theology of the University of Paris. This doctorate of the university was instituted in 1900, and is intended for foreigners who come to Paris to complete their studies without having passed through all the preliminary stages of a French university education, the tests to which such a student has been subjected in his own country offering a sufficient guarantee of the value of his previous preparation. Each French faculty is authorized to set its own conditions for the admission of foreign candidates to this degree, subject, of course, to ministerial approbation. Furthermore, this is a university degree, that is to say, it is conferred by the local university, not by the minister, and does not imply the right to teach in French universities as does the state degree given to Frenchmen on the completion of their regular studies.

This first university degree of doctor in theology was conferred by the Theological Faculty on Mr. Nathan Soderblom, pastor of the Swedish church of Paris, and holder of a diploma from the School of Higher Studies (section of religious science). The thesis which won him the degree: The future life according to Mazdeism considered in the light of parallel beliefs in other religions; a study in comparative eschatology, is characterized as a veritable treasury of information drawn from all religions, and a scientific work of which the faculty may well be proud. "There is not, to our knowledge," says the report in *Le Protestant*, "in any other faculty at the present time a thesis for a university doctor's degree comparable in scientific value to this. Dean Sabatier, to whom it is dedicated, has thanked Mr. Soderblom for having from the very beginning placed the standard for this new doctorate so high." Mr. Soderblom's forceful delivery and fine presence, combined with high scholarship, qualify him for eminent success as a teacher of others, while the affectionate testimonials of his parishioners prove that he is also a most excellent pastor.

GENEVA.—The future of its overcrowded Botanical Garden and the famous Delessert herbarium has been for some time a question in the city of Geneva. Just what solution of the problem has been found we do not know further than this, that there is to be a new building for the housing of the herbarium. This collection is, according to the *Signal*, one of the richest in the world, its especial value being due to the large number of *originals* it contains. An *original* is in scientific parlance the very specimen of a given plant first used in the description of the type. Many of those in this collection were prepared by the great Linnæus himself, and it attracts every year many foreign scholars to Geneva.

SAXONY.—The population of Saxony, as every one knows, is overwhelmingly Protestant, but the king and court are Roman Catholic. The aggressiveness of the Catholic minority of late years has from time to time caused no little irritation, complaint being made that at certain church festivals Protestant soldiers were compelled to present arms before the holy sacrament and that the young Protestant pages of the court were required to make a genuflexion on similar occasions. Prince Max, a nephew of the king, became a priest in 1896, and has thrown himself with zeal into the work of the church. In Austria his influence and aid have been sought in the effort to check the growing anti-Roman movement. As a partial offset to all this, it is now reported that Mr. C. Vogt, vicar of the Catholic court church at Dresden, and several other priests have turned Protestant. Mr. Vogt abandons the priesthood to enter on a civil career. M. E. H.

Books Received.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 27 AND 29 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

"A Life in Song." By George Lansing Raymond. $1.25.

"Wings of the Morning." Essays and a sermon for Lent and other seasons. By Walter C. Roberts. $1.00.

"Heroes of the Reformation—Huldreich Zwingli, the Reformer of German Switzerland, 1484-1531." By Samuel Macauley Jackson. $2.00.

GEO. P. HAMPTON, 62-64 TRINITY PLACE, NEW YORK.

"The Earth for All Calendar," by Ernest Crosby.

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"Holy Living." Vols. I, II, by Jeremy Taylor.

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